

## editorial opinion

Dan McCosh writes

### A look at Women's Lib

Women's lib made me, a WASP male, a minority. Lumping in 51 percent or so of the species, with ethnic and racial groups historically discriminated against, swung the balance, precarious any way, and now those of us included in this category probably account for less than a third of the population.

In a way, it is the destruction of a myth. Most so-called "minorities" are actually only minorities in the United States anyway. Calling Chinese, for example, a "minority group" is the same kind of logic which has Columbus "discovering America," when in reality all he did was help cure the ignorance of a handful of Europeans. Many WASP males suspected this

all along and protected themselves from the truth.

They drank in "men only" bars, joined exclusive clubs, elected their cronies and saw to it television broadcast only mirror images of themselves.

But all that is past now. We have been found out.

As an ethnic group, we have been a colorless lot (pardon the pun). The effort has been in the past to maintain a low profile, drive conservative cars and generally avoid the impression one is swinging one's weight around.

The time may be at hand to revive some ethnic pride. I saw some guy driving an MG the other day wearing a cap with a buckle in the back. Right on, brother.

Did anyone hear the latest? The one about Joe Smith and his wife, Sandy?

We need some good WASP jokes. Somebody has got to invent a tricky way to shake hands and some in-group slang.

The urge is strong to dig into the closet, break out the penny loafers and regimental-striped tie and the wine-colored blazer.

Maybe get a leather armchair nobody can use except me after I get home from work.

Eat rare roast beef and drink martinis.

Get the dog to bring in my paper and slippers.

It'll have to be the dog, I guess, because nobody talks to us much anymore.

Michael Marcellino writes

### A period of calmness

A modest country schoolroom near near Madison, Ohio served as the forum for a press conference more than a decade ago when I met Gerald Ford.

The whistle stop campaign trail through Lake County, Ohio was the same path Jack Kennedy used enroute to the presidency.

Someone asked Ford, "Will you be named minority leader?"

The Michigan congressman was a top runner for the post. He replied in a manner I would come to recognize as characteristic of Ford.

In a brief, modest statement he replied that he was honored with the question, but the answer was the prerogative of the House Republicans and he would not comment until they had made a decision.

We were sure he would get the job.

THE MOST recent contact I have had with the career of Gerald Ford was several months ago when his name was placed before the U.S. Senate for confirmation as Vice-president of the United States.

A man who identified himself as an agent of the

Federal Bureau of Investigation asked if he could speak with me. (Yes, I checked his credentials.)

I told the agent I had no evidence of wrongdoing relative to Ford. I hadn't even received an unsigned nasty letter from an irate reader. Almost all politicians receive at least one unsigned nasty letter written to "the editor."

Gerald Ford did not say anything spectacular at his press conference in Madison, Ohio. He said some kind things about fellow Republican Bill Stuntz.

HE DID NOT even deliver a routine observation in an exceptional manner. He was straightforward, considerate and brief. It was apparent that he was tired and that it was still a long trip back to Grand Rapids.

The beginning of his Presidency shortly after noon on Friday was a crystallized reflection of his past public career. He is straightforward, humble, considerate and uncontroversial.

He will bring calm to the country. The nation could stand a period of calmness. And, if a bit of predicting is in order, should Gerald Ford continue the tenor set on Friday, he will certainly win election in his own right in 1976.

Carl Stoddard writes

### Elective process (yawn) works

Just to be different, I'm not going to talk about Richard Nixon or the state of the Union. Sorry.

But before you start saying "aw shucks" and flip the pages, listen. I'm still talking about politics, in a way.

We have what is known in political science classes as the "elective process." That means most folks get into office because we vote for them. Yes, I know that's hard to believe, but it's true.

Anyway, I got a chance to take a close look at this process last week during the primary. (You do remember the primary don't you?)

IT WAS MY JOB to keep track of about half a dozen races: a state representative race; a judgeship race; and a bunch of county commissioner races.

So about 8 p.m. Tuesday I was waiting in the news room, crowded next to a telephone, hunched over my typewriter and ready to go.

It was election night. Boy-oh-boy. The excitement would begin any minute. The phones would start ringing. People would phone in the election results.

Then I'd phone some of the winners, type up my articles on the races, drink a bunch of coffee, yell "Stop the Presses" just for fun and then wrap it up and call it a night.

But things didn't work out that way. More than three hours after the polls shut down I was still staring at my typewriter and the phone. Nothing.

Only a couple precincts had phoned in.

Someone mentioned that in Cook County, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's stronghold, poll workers estimate returns. Suddenly that sounded pretty reasonable.

SONNY ELIOT was tweaking the upper peninsula when I phoned city hall to see how the judge races were going. They didn't have much of an idea.

By 1:30 a.m. I still couldn't get many concrete results. But I had sat through two renditions of the Star Spangled Banner and put away enough coffee to keep an elephant awake.

Around 2:30 a.m., it looked pretty certain in one of the state representa-

tive races, so I called one of the winning candidates to get his reactions and comments. I figured he'd be awake.

He was. But before I reached him I found someone that wasn't. I'd dialed a wrong number. Whoever you are, I'm sorry.

Anyway, to make a long night short, I finished up the election coverage at about 6 a.m.

I YAWNED my way home and crashed into bed. And with the coffee gently sloshing through my body, I drifted toward sleep.

As I was almost asleep, my wife asked me, ever so gently, "Who won?"

"The good guys," I said and I was asleep.

Looking back on that statement, I think it was more true than I imagined. I mean, with a few exceptions, the good guys did get the most votes.

All of which means that the voters aren't dumb. The elective process works. But we all really knew that anyway.

It's just nice to be reminded sometimes.

E.N. Asa

Postel Director

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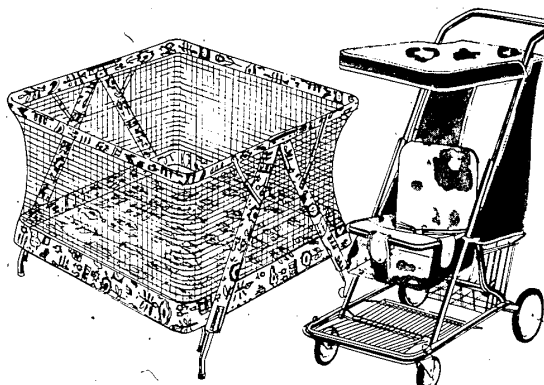
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